

# RESTORATION

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No. 7.

## Blessed Event Occurs In Our Madonna House

By Eddie Doherty

On the twenty-third of April, on the feast day of St. George, Madonna House acquired five new Staff Workers, three young women and two young men:

Miss Marie Therese Langlois  
Miss Mamie Legris  
Miss Lorraine Fecteau  
Mr. Gerard Kelly  
Mr. Louis Stoeckle.

With Miss Dorothy Phillips and Mr. Philip Larkin, the Staff Workers now number seven.

### After The Retreat

The retreat was given by Father John Callahan, of Rochester, N.Y. It was made faithfully by everybody in Madonna House. It seemed that even the chickens were silent during the periods of silence, and not even the dogs opened their mouths to speak until Father had given the signal with a gentle "Benedicamus Domino."

On the third day, after the spiritual reading at supper, one of the girls serving table carried in a tray on which lay three Franciscan crosses, with chains, and two small lapel crosses.

These Father Callahan solemnly blessed.

The table had been decorated for the event, with statues of Our Lady, and with votive lights burning before it, and with a great vase filled with the first pussy willows of the Spring.

When Father had finished his benedictions he made a short talk to the five Staff-Worker applicants, and then nodded to "The B," who, fighting the emotions inside her, received each one of the quintet in turn.

"Wear this," she said, "to remind you always that you must save your soul, and work to save the souls of others."

The girls could wear the crosses openly, dangling from the long chains. The men might wear their tokens where they would not show.

### Also A Kiss

Each one, in turn, was given the kiss of peace by Catherine, the foundress of Friendship House, and heartily welcomed into the family of this particular lay apostolate.

And then "the B" had a few words to say.

"In welcoming you," she said, "I am promising you nothing but hardships, poverty, Monotonous jobs, a life of insecurity. I am telling you, in my own way, all the things Christ told those He called to work with Him. You will meet ridicule and scorn. You may be persecuted, reviled, slandered, beaten. There may be people who will think they do a good thing if they put you to death."

"In welcoming you to Madonna House, to the lay apostolate, Friendship House style, I am welcoming you onto the road that leads to

professions.

There was something spiritual in each face that was almost unbearable!

That explains why everybody shouted so loudly, and made such a fuss, when the cake was brought in, lifted high — a big white-frosted cake with five candles burning on it.



### MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD

Willing Victims

It is almost incredible to realize that in this age of hate and hysteria and heresy and hydrogen there still are men and women who want to follow the way of the cross; who actually are willing to be crucified, if that's what it takes to make them saints. God bless them!

Let me cut you a piece of this cake. It's delicious. Mamie made it. Mamie Legris, one of the new Staff Workers.

On May 3rd, the feast of the finding of the True Cross, the first Saturday of the month, the young men and women apostles went to the hall, which has been serving as a church, and made a "promise stability," a promise that they would remain for one year at least in their present status as Staff Workers. This is the first time any Staff Workers in any Friendship House have made such a promise.

The hall was bare. There was no fire, and the place was cold. There was only the altar, a vigil burning in a red glass close to the tabernacle, a picture of the Sacred Heart, and a few pews borrowed from some pastor, to indicate that this was a church. The priest who stood by and heard the promises wore his everyday clothes, and wore an overcoat buttoned tight around his neck. There was no music, no formality, no incense, no sign of a flower, no lighted candle.

The Promise Was There  
But the essence of everything was there. One who listened could not help but feel the sincerity and the generosity and the great zeal with which those promises were made.

They were giving to Christ everything they had to give; and they awed me, and they awed Catherine, and they awed Father Callahan too, as much as any novices had ever done in making their

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## A Call For Help Comes Through The Blue Door!

By Catherine de Hueck

In the last issue of Restoration I began a series of vignettes that might make the lay apostolate better understood. I had no special title in mind for the series. A visiting priest supplied it, saying that many interesting stories might be told about people who walked through the blue door of Friendship House. There it was. "The Blue Door."

The front door of every Friendship House is painted blue, in honor of Our Lady. Naturally, so is the front door of Madonna House. When I started the first foundation, in Toronto, in 1930, I remembered the saying of my people, "If you paint the front door blue for Mary, she will bless all who pass through it." This is a story of a call that came to me through the blue door.

### Someone Calling

The day had been hard. The bed was so wonderful. Sleep was instantaneous, and deep. So was the dream deep. Deep but far away. Endlessly someone was calling me. Faintly. Faintly and not so faintly. Someone was shaking me.

They couldn't do this to me. I was too sound asleep. It would be a sin to wake me. But they were waking me. I opened my eyes, and saw my husband, and the doctor. I must get up to help a woman. She lived far away. Her time was come, and would be a hard time for her. The doctor was worried.

Half asleep, half awake, I got up, dressed somehow—still dreaming that I was asleep — got the things I needed, and started out into the night. The air felt cold. I was glad to get into the doctor's car, and to sleep—or to try to sleep. The car sang a lullaby of tires against the asphalt road. I dreamed again, and woke with a start, hearing the song of the tires change to the sound of sand crushed by the weight of the car. We must be off the road, bogged down.

### Tired And Mired

I got out and looked around. We were mired in a rutty country lane. The heavens were full of stars. The frogs were singing. Spring was everywhere. The ground was soft, and full of icy water. The road was almost a muddy lake.

The doctor got out too, after a time, and convinced himself that the car could go no further. He picked up his cases of instruments, and I picked up my nurse's equipment, and we started walking. We had, I judged a mile or so to go. The doctor walked ahead. I followed.

We saw a light bobbing up and down, like a will o' the wisp. It turned out to be a kindly neighbor come to give it to us. Gratefully I took the oil lantern from him. I tried to light the way. But there was no way. We were walking over fields, up hill, down hill, up hill, and down again. Now we were on solid ground, now ankle deep in mire. The beauty of the night was a song around us, but

the walking grew harder and harder. From a ridge, the lights of a town shone like a thousand glow worms. That town was far away.

At the bottom of the last hill a tiny house nestled, half drunk, leaning sideways, peering at us with one sleepy drab eye — the dim lamp in the window. A quarter of a mile down the slope, and we were there.

### A Peculiar Waiting

The kitchen was big. A man and a woman waited for us there, and a wee baby in a home-made crib. The woman's time had come, but not just yet. We must wait. So we waited. The husband, the woman, the mite in the cradle, the doctor and I.

What a strange waiting that was! Tiredness filled one's bones, and slowly crept up toward the heavy eyes, the nodding head . . . yet sleep would not come . . . because there was a woman with child awaiting her time, counting the minutes of her pains.

Sometimes she dozed fitfully, and so did I—stretched out on the floor near the warm stove. There was a gust of wind. Dark clouds shut out the stars. Big drops of rain spattered against the small window panes. The woman moaned. I got up. She relaxed, but I could not. I made a cup of tea. There was fresh-baked bread, and honey. It tasted good. It woke me up.

The woman moaned again, and again. No one could help her. Her time had come, but she was still not ready. We would have to wait a little longer.

What a strange waiting indeed! Waiting for a new life to begin is a most peculiar waiting, apart from all other kinds of waiting. There is a hushed and holy quality about it. It is as if one were in church. It is both hard and sweet on all, the husband, the doctor, the nurse, and even the woman in pain. It is as if one were listening—listening with one's soul—to hear God's words of command, of creation. Yes, a strange, peculiar, unique kind of waiting.

### Still Not Ready

Eventually the pain rushed in more swiftly. And still (Continued on Page Three)

# RESTORATION

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## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

June is the month of the Sacred Heart, symbol of love. The love of God for man . . .

There is another, ever present, palpable symbol of that love for us, one with which we are so familiar that we take it for granted, but should not. That is the priesthood Christ left behind Him, as a visible token of that same infinite love that led Him to Golgotha.

Because of it, He gave us shepherds to lead us to Him always, to feed us His eternal, life-giving truths, to dispense to us His Sacraments, without which, we would be unable to grow in wisdom and grace before His Father.

It is time we Catholics examined our consciences in regard to our priests. They hold the keys of our Father's House for us . . . and we have need of them, as never before, for ours is a century of true homelessness and darkness.

We must too, understand fully that since we in our fashion participate in their apostolicity, their priesthood, it behoves us to make straight their paths to other men's hearts and souls, for often it is through us, and through us only, that they can reach these and extend the kingdom of God, as they have been commissioned to do.

It is time, too, that we cease to give them lip service only, and begin to learn all over again, and in dead earnest, the very essence of the holy virtue of obedience—inward and outward. There are, alas, too many of us who go about saying, "Yes, Father," and never implementing that "yes" except when bound to do so under pain of mortal sin.

We need our priests desperately. We need their holy fatherhood, their inspired leadership . . . their help and advice. We need these to live Christocentric normal Catholic lives in the midst of a world gone mad with godlessness. We need them to restore our homes and families fully to Christ—(If this is not done soon . . . we shall all perish.) We need them to gather courage for us, to clarify God's will for us, in our special vocations . . . which only too many of us shrug off so easily . . . so tragically.

Yes, it is indeed time we Catholics examined our consciences in regard to our priests, those men who yesterday were one of us, and who today are "set apart" so awesomely, so gloriously—symbols of God's love for us.

Let us, too, make use of their great and holy powers. Let us ask them to bless our houses, our fields, our cars, our belongings, and ourselves. Often!

Oh! the infinite power of a priest's blessing, and of a priest's presence! Why do we allow these powers to lie fallow when we need them so much to fight . . . "THE DEVIL, WHO AS A ROARING LION, GOETH ABOUT SEEKING WHOM HE MAY DEVOUR . . . ?"

Let us teach our children to love, obey, and respect our priests . . . these walking symbols of Christ's love for us . . . these OTHER CHRISTs placed in our midst to remind us of the Heart of God . . . that was pierced by a lance for love of us.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Strange what a man thinks about sometimes, saying the Rosary with his family or his friends. The other evening, for instance, on the verandah of Madonna House, where we say the beads after Compline, weather permitting, I thought of many things besides those that should have occupied my mind.

There were the pussy willows, for instance, that had grown so big and white that, for a moment or two, I mistook them for cherry blossoms. And the insects flitting in and out of them. (They were not bees!) The sun was bright enough to show them for what they were, though it was going down.

### The Sky Was Red

The sky was stained with the colors of the bleeding sun. The still water of the river reflected them faithfully. Nearby a young birch tree had torn off its old wallpaper, and was carefully wrapping itself in a new gay shade.

All things, it occurred to me, all the things I looked upon when I should have been thinking of Christ in the Garden of Olives, all the trees and shrubs and insects, all the distant hills, the river and all the fishes in it—all the beasts of the earth, even the grass and the stones and the sand and the mud—all things were obeying the will of God, each in its own way.

Only men, made in His image and likeness, preferred their own wills to the will of God. Only men, of all the creatures He had made, went contrary to the divine will.

The voice of a visiting priest, saying the Pater Noster at the beginning of the first decade, roused me.

Every now and then we say the Rosary in five or six different languages, to bring home to all of us the universality of the church, and the unity of the Mystical Body of Christ that has so many tongues.

"Give us his day," I said, with the others, "our daily bread . . ." I said it mechanically, thinking of priests saying Latin words to God, and to His beautiful mother, in every part of the world.

Rome that once persecuted the Church so furiously has become the official voice of the Church!

### Hail Full of Grace

"Ave Maria, gratia plena, dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesu—"

"Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Always we respond in English to whatever language the leader uses; and there have been a variety of languages spoken here. A great variety.

"Otche nash ije isi na nebesi dosviatiza Imia Tvoe da boodet volia Tvoia . . ." That was Catherine saying the "Our Father" in Russian, to remind us that Jesus was scourged for our sins. But the thought in my mind was of Russia. Would the Russian Church be killed by such a feeble instrumentality as Joe Stalin? Would it not be stronger than ever, long after Stalin has been forgotten? Would it not spread, eventually even as the Latin church spread out of Rome?

"Bogorod tza Deva radoosi blagodatnaia Maria . . ."

That was the Hail Mary. My thoughts flew to Our

Lady of Fatima, her apparition to the little shepherds, and her plea for the conversion of Russia. Why didn't I try to see the whips cutting the flesh of Christ bound to the pillar—the Russian whips shedding His most precious blood?

Before I was half aware of it, Marie Langlois was beginning in French—

"Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux—"

### The Little Flower

I thought of the role France had played in the history of the Church. The names of French saints came to my mind. Especially I remembered St. Therese, the Little Flower.

"Je vous salut, Marie, pleine de grâce . . ."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Our Lady appeared in France too. In at least two places. At Lourdes, and at La Salette. She was weeping at La Salette. She told two children she could no longer hold back the punishing arm of her Son. She begged for prayer and penance, as she begged at Fatima.

Prayer and penance! Others were thinking of Christ standing in a dirty purple robe in the middle of a mocking gang of hoodlums who had tired themselves out with the whips, one of whom crowns him with a crown of thorns, and drunkenly mocks the "king of the Jews."

Before I realized it, Gerry Kelly, who came to us from Ireland, was saying the fourth decade in Erse—or Gaelic, or Celtic, whatever you wish to call it, the language of another great Catholic country, and one privileged to suffer for its Faith.

Kelly's "Our Father" is soft and sweet—and swift. "Ar n-Athair ata ar neamh naomhuiughtheir tainim . . ."

I have heard it often before, and hope to hear it often again. And his "Hail Mary" is a sort of music. It is hard to put the Irish words into English letters—harder than the Russian. But this is the way it is spelled for English-speaking people!

"Go mbeannuithear duit a Mhuire, ata lan de ghrasta; ta an Tighearna at' fhochair; is beannuighthe idir mhnaibh thu, agus is beannuighthe toradh do bhruinne Iosa."

### Erin Go Bragh

I thought of the Irish missionaries who went through Europe in the dark ages, with the same melodious language, planting the Faith in many places that had never known its sweetness, restoring it to vigorous growth in lands where it had been choked by weeds—that is, I have a vague recollection of such thoughts—and

I thought of Father Pat Peyton, the Irish lad who became an American priest, and who will not die until he has pledged at least ten million families to say the Rosary every day.

The Irish, in their own way, still serve to spread the Truth I thought—not with the vigor and the lustre of old times, alas, but with persistence.

I should have been thinking about Christ walking with his heavy cross, its edges eating into His shoulder, and His falling three times under its weight, on the way to Calvary.

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## The B's Corner

When I was living and working in the Harlems of America, for Interracial Justice for the Negro, I had, now and then, strange days . . . strange dreams . . . of other people to help . . . of other fields to till.

At times it seemed to me that my heart would break with pain and pity for the Indians of the U.S.A. and Canada . . . and I desired with a burning desire to have a branch of Friendship House among them. But the will of God for me was then the Negro and now the Rural Apostolate in Canada.

### The Old Urges

But the love, the desire, to serve my brother the Indian, is still with me. So it is not to be wondered at that when I received a letter from Miss Ellen Doyle, of the Indian Day Schools at Whitefish Bay, Sioux Narrows, Ont., asking me to help find teachers to teach in these schools and asking for Catholic literature and religious goods to be distributed among the pupils . . . I felt the old urge, and dreamed anew the old dream.

But no one up there asked for a Friendship House. And it would have to be the Ordinary of that Diocese at whose invitation alone we could enter that vast field.

Surely however, there are, in Canada, well qualified teachers, who dream my dreams, who burn with the fire of charity and justice, who want to do something truly worth while with their lives. It isn't conceivable that there are none such! To them then is this invitation extended. They will have a salary of course. A nice place to live . . . and yet they can serve God superbly, just the same.

### Calling All Souls

Calling all apostolic souls among teachers! Calling all who are in love with God! Sit down today and write to the above address for all details. Write now . . . because this is a call of Christ . . . to help to extend His Kingdom in a forgotten and neglected vineyard. Don't fail Christ in the Indian. Please don't! Write today.

Father Paul of Graymoor was my friend. A simple sentence; yet as I write it, a feeling of awe and incredulity comes over me. For it is not given everyone to know a saint. Yes, I know . . . he is not canonized, nor do I in any way wish to anticipate the Church. It is just a deep conviction of mine, and a thousand others, that he was a saint of God.

He loved all things of God. He was a benefactor, an adviser and helper to every big and little movement that works for the extension of God's Kingdom on earth.

Among such was the movement, or the crusade, for better preaching. This was started, as so many apostolates are today, by a woman, Mrs. Helene Froelicher of 208 Crest Rd., Ridgeway, N.J. It was approved by 22 Ordinaries, and was blessed by the Holy Father himself.

### Good Preaching

Father Paul loved good preaching. How much he helped that new apostolate will be known only on the other side of the gates of life. Recently The Crusaders held a contest . . . the theme of which was . . . HOW CAN I IMPROVE MY PREACHING AFTER LEAVING THE SEMINARY? Naturally the (Continued on Page Four)

## COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The trees are green. The vegetable gardens are coming up well. Radishes, lettuce, and green onions are plentiful. The roses are beginning to bloom, and the gladioli are over a foot high. The bees fly around busily to and fro, their hives shining with new paint. The river is a deep blue, and the gaily-painted boats and the garden furniture on its shore make vivid splashes of color that are reflected clearly in the tranquil waters.

The chores are almost done. That is, the spring and early summer chores. Our "choremaster" has broken the new garden below St. Martha's House, where there is a nice good field, with a brook running right by. Next year, perhaps, we shall build there a bee house and really go in for a well run apiary. It is just the place for it—protected from the winds, sunny, yet with shady spots and cool clear water—it is a bees' paradise. Someone remarked the other day, that they would be good examples for the Staff, preaching so clearly their sermon of glorifying the Lord by hard work.

### Now School Starts!

The end of this month will see the opening of the Summer School, June 30th. It is always a time of expectation and of joy. For old friends will come back and new ones will arrive. And once more all together we shall grow in knowledge and love of God, we hope. How good God is to give us the grace and privilege of being hosts to men's hunger for Him!

As we look around, our hearts sing an alleluia... for growth is evident everywhere. Yes, we have grown much since that sunny day on May 17th, 1947, when Eddie and I and Flewy, who now beholds God's Face, came here to start our work. There was then only Madonna House, and it was not yet finished.

How hard those first years were, how tired the three of us were at eventide!

Take just the water supply. There was only a sort of a hand pump in the basement, that one had to operate a thousand times to get the water tank filled. And this had to be done three times a day!

There was no electricity, so a dozen or more oil lamps had to be filled and trimmed daily. There was no woodshed, and the wood was frozen solid in the winter with some two feet of snow

over it. You had to brush the snow off, then hit the wood pile with the back of the axe, to separate the logs.

There were just the three of us. To man all the works—housekeeping, organizing the library, looking after the clothing center, nursing, attending to a huge correspondence, publishing our little paper, Restoration, having story hours for kids, starting the orchard, the first flower and vegetable garden, and the first beehives.

### We Are Nine

Today there are seven Staff Workers, Eddie and I, and quite a few volunteers and friends helping us with the growing work. A nice big woodshed holds our wood, keeping it dry and ready for use. Electricity has made the old hand-pump, and even the gasoline motor that followed it, but a dim memory.

Our Lady brought us a big fifteen-room house, and we rented it, naming it after her beloved spouse, St. Joseph. For naturally where she is, he is never far away. Then Blessed Martin came to visit us and stayed to look after Eddie's den, to help him with his book-writing, and to watch over the garage—for this and the den are but one structure.

St. Veronica, patron of courageous Catholic Action (didn't she wipe the Lord's Face amidst an angry and hostile crowd?) came too, to look after the cottage named in her honor. And St. Peter graciously keeps an eye on St. Peter's cottage that houses our priestly faculty during the summer, and the young men all year round. St. Paul, the tent maker, has an easy job, for the big white tent that we have for the overflow of male visitors is in his keeping for only six months of the year. The boys call it St. Paul's outside the walls. St. Martha will soon be taking over the women's house, where our female Staff Workers will live and where our offices will be maintained.

The hen house, the tool shed, and the pig-sty are all other proofs of our growth. Madonna Village will soon be a better name for us than just Madonna House. After all, our gracious Lady is Queen of all Saints, and we have quite a litany of them here.

Yes, as we look around, our heart sings an alleluia... for growth is evident everywhere. And growth in the Lord, like all things of God, is a joy forever.

### A CALL FOR HELP COMES

(Continued from Page One) the woman was not ready. It was going to be a hard delivery. The doctor was worried. He thought he would have to take the patient to the hospital... if he could. This house was too small for the operation he had in mind.

She would have to get up and walk the mile and more to the place where he had left the car. And then, if he could get the car moving—perhaps the neighbor had already succeeded in doing this—he might reach the hospital in time. If not, well, there was a bigger house, not far from the car, where the operation might be performed. Maybe somebody there would be awake—and willing to take in the woman and the doctor and the

nurse.

We got the woman up and made her ready for the long walk. It was morning then. The air was cold and fresh, most welcome after the humid atmosphere of the tiny house. The sun was peering over the hill. The birds were talking to it.

We walked slowly, the doctor going on ahead with giant strides, carrying his satchel and my bag. We paused every now and then, the woman and I. The pains made her stop.

### Courageous Women

Oh, the grit of our women! The quiet courage! The rare humor! The laughter that seeps out of God's friends in this corner of the rural apostolate!

We went up the first hill with painful slowness. It began to rain again, and the

woman said, "First you're wet on the bottom"—meaning my shoes and stockings—"then on the top"—meaning all the rest of me. She leaned against a boulder, racked with pain, but smiling.

I thought of immaculate white hospitals and of rich and papered women surrounded by nurses and doctors, women fearing the advent of a child with great fear, slim women, streamlined, painted and primed and worried about their figures.

"This will be my tenth baby," the woman said. She said it not exactly with pride, but certainly with joy.

She mentioned the first nine trials, trying to disregard the waves of pain that shook her. And we went slowly on.

"I can remember my mother telling me about women having their children in the fields," she said. "I had one of my own all by myself. My goodness, I was scared. I remembered only one thing I must do. I remembered the doctor said I must boil the scissors. So I boiled them. And they're still rusty."

### Most Important Things

We rested again and she told me of children that had died, and of others that had lived. There was in her face a light that could not be caught by any artist, light like a shadow of God's face. I shivered a little from sheer awe.

The doctor was far ahead. We could not even hear him.

"It doesn't matter," the woman told me with a brave grin. He has the instruments. But we have the baby clothes. We have the most important things."

I asked Our Lady, silently, to let us reach the neighbor's house, at least, if we could not get to the hospital, before the baby was born. The doctor had thought the walk might shorten the woman's time, and might also make the operation easier for the patient and himself. He was right. The child would be born soon now—maybe before we were half-way to the car.

We kept on walking slowly, resting, the woman giving way now frequently to pain. We got to the car. But pain laughed at the car. Pain would have nothing to do with the car. We got the woman into the neighbor's house, made a fire, heated water, sterilized the instruments, and went desperately to work, and to prayer.

The silence below was broken only by the crackle of fire, the whisper of the doctor's voice, the groans of the woman—and then, the wonder of it! The cry of the newborn boy. A moment separated from all others. A baby merging his new cry with his mother's last one. A man was born. Alleluia!

The sun outside was warm. The birds sang. The trees showed new green shades. A collie dog barked joyfully at the team pulling the doctor's car out of the mud. Presently we were off, through the scented pine woods, back toward the waiting blue door.

For me this meant back to sleep in the bed I had left so many hours ago... to sleep without dreams... and to await the next call for help that should come through the blue door downstairs.

## Through The Blue Door

How wistfully Robert Burns wrote that verse—

"Oh wad some power the

giftie gie us

To see oursels as others see

us!

It wad frae monie a blunder

free us,

"An' foolish notion."

Now here's a friend who has written an article on how he sees us. Our vanity won't allow us to pass it by. We shall put it in print that we may keep it always—and that, someday when we are old and bent and spent, we may remember how we looked to our dear "visiting un-volunteer." We may even show the piece to others, with the casual words, "Just happened to be rummaging in some old files this morning and came across this; just happened to think it might interest you."

By A

"Visiting Un-Volunteer"

Madonna House of Friendship Houses, is composed of a Directress, Staff Workers, and Visiting Volunteers, all of whom live in voluntary poverty, accepting the alms of food and clothing that friends of God forward from many fronts. The Staff Workers have a long training course before they are accepted: the visiting volunteers share the life for varying periods of time.

It so happened that Our Lady slightly—I was going to say "slyly," incapacitated me, and perforce parked me in a chair on the lawn of Madonna House, and so made me a "visiting un-volunteer" to witness what and who passed through the blue door.

### Children Unafraid

I enjoyed the children, who, happily and unafraid, knocked at the blue door, to enter and go to the children's section of the library, return the picture books they had borrowed, and obtain new adventures in reading. Hilary, of the second grade, kept me company, while his big sister of the third grade, went for the books. We talked about fish, ducks, rifles, and how he'd go deer hunting with his dad when he was big, bullets, of which he wouldn't carry one in his pocket like one boy he knew but would give it to his daddy, and he could write his whole name. Then came the important question, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" And without hesitation, "A policeman."

"Why?" "Because when there's a crash, they can't touch anything until I get there." When we had finally explored the situation, man to man, we finally decided it might be better to be a doctor when there was a crash, and so be able to patch up the crashed.

Then there were the family groups. A mother, carrying a child, with two towheads in tow, tapped politely on the door, and went inside. (The husband waited quietly, smoking, in a truck out on the road.) In fifteen minutes or so, they emerged, smiling, got into the truck, and roared away. The next family group of four, father and mother, and two children, all went in, and in due time, emerged, smiling. One could not help notice that of the varied procession that came and knocked, the faces might be shy, or slightly strained, or worried, but always when they left they

were smiling and their walk was brisk and happy.

My report may not be exactly chronological but it is factual.

### About Those Bundles

Another fact I observed was the size of the bundles of used clothing that different people would carry down the path as they left Madonna House. Still it was not surprising when one would learn that this family had eight children; that family had ten children; and that the racks in the clothing center emptied themselves like water poured on sand.

Too, it would be hard to count the number of knocks that pounded on the blue door from the knuckles of the sick, who came to the clinic and its nurse for all kinds of ailments and received succour, sympathy, and supplies from the donated medical stock.

In all of these cases, I haven't counted the comings and goings of the staff workers themselves, always with a cheery wave and greetings.

One is quietly stamping the sand off his shoes after feeding the chickens, consoling the puppy, and helping to move the pig house, so that the rich earth and manure might be applied to this year's berry patch, flower borders, and herb garden.

Another has a scrapper still sticking out of his back pocket. He has been readying the frames for the bee hives. I could hear one being kidded about his white freckles, the little spots of white paint that come from painting a ceiling in one of the cabins, to ready them for the influx of almost 200 guests for the Summer School of Lay Apostles.

### Melody All Day

Morning, noon, or night it seems that singing or humming issues from the kitchen as the girls prepare the meals—an average of thirteen people at each meal these days.

One also hears the clatter of a typewriter, or sees one of the girl staff workers, coming to the door for a few minutes break in the tedious job of addressing long-hand the thousands of copies of "Restoration."

Nor have I counted the number of times one sees the "B," as she is affectionately called, Catherine de Hueck Doherty herself, striding out of the door and down the path, with her Red Cross kit slung over her shoulder, to answer the call of the sick from far or near.

And everyone enjoys seeing "Mr. D," Eddie Doherty, white hair gleaming in the sun, going off to Blessed Martin's cottage and the busy typewriter that is housed there.

The blue door is hospitable, friendly, charitable, dramatic, and a portal to peace and joy.



## Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

Society at large and our own particular communities must be re-leavened by the people themselves. The yeast for the batter is composed of something like this: Man is made up of matter and spirit, which God has marvelously united in us, to give us our personality.

Like the angels we can use our intellects, seek beauty, truth and good. Like the animal, from our "matter" side, we live, eat, sleep and reproduce our species and have spontaneous emotions and passions.

## Going Haywire?

The principal element in us is the "spirit." All the others must be subordinated to it, that is, to our reason and will. If they are not, then, we are going "haywire." Faith and Christian life wane in us, in the measure in which the animal side of us takes over the controls from the spirit. Isn't that what is taking place everywhere? Faith and morals are caught up with the rush of modern life. Yes, we are now wandering in the wilderness.

The voice of St. John the Baptist, however, from out the sand-wastes of Judea, ever and always, and more so now, re-echoes across this sin-parched world, into the desert of our lives—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord," which means nothing else but "leaven yourself and society."

Life, for those who are trying to mingle the leaven with the batter is one continual procession, of renewed efforts to rise. Be warned therefore, if you have a mind to save your soul, that it is a "dilly" of a struggle — a battle royal.

You know all that, as well as I do, of course . . . You know that the inferior faculties in you are constantly trying to elbow the higher out altogether. The spirit against the flesh, you know . . . The passions throwing a smoke screen against the will. (Where there is smoke there is fire, eh!) Thus the battle rages on. The pull, of course, is towards sensible pleasures.

## Shield of The Spirit

The spirit, in the fracas of life, carries a four-sided shield. By proper foresight we can have vigilance over our imaginations, impressions, and dangerous emotions. With calm moderation we can quell violent eruptions in our souls. We can stop our eyes from looking at tempting things; turn our imaginations to cleaner pictures; block our anger from flaring up and "blowing our top." The spirit gives to us, our actions a certain stimulation by which we can drive ourselves to stand up to the foe with the right "direct-ion" towards objects that are

good.

We have the four-sided shield in the "battle" but we don't always use it. We like our independence. We are proud. As a result a struggle develops, sometimes, between the soul and its Creator. The only way to calm this is to acknowledge our lowness, our powerlessness and recognize the rights of God over His creatures.

We will always have the triple concupiscence (The World, the Flesh and the Devil) to contend with, but when we always do our duty according to our conscience, we may hope for an eternal reward.

God was not content with giving man natural gifts He wanted to raise him to a supernatural plane, that he might merit Heaven.

### St. Martha Rises

By Lorraine Fecteau

Last month's Restoration told of the beginning of St. Martha's Bourse, the fund to enable us to build St. Martha's house.

It is quite a revelation to a new-comer like myself to find the beginning of a venture such as this without the security of cash-on-hand — with only the security of faith. We are building on FAITH — a faith in God through you — on faith in the charity of you, our readers.

Perhaps like St. Thomas I had to be shown. And I was.

## Uncozy And Unwarm

I am sitting now in a precarious, but satisfying, position on a cross-beam, which is part of the wood form, the skeleton of the house. I look below and see just plain gravel — a mud square enclosed by rough but fragrant planks. It isn't very exciting. It doesn't look cozy or warm or cheerful. It just looks damp — and rather uninviting.

But in my imagination it is entirely different. I see a room, a nice middle-sized room that will be the basement. Maybe it will be painted pink and have pretty curtains at the windows. There will be rows and rows of warm and welcome clothing lining the walls, and people will come here and be made happy.

I see children with bright eyes and tousled hair, sitting cross-legged in a circle, intent upon catching every word of the well-loved story-hour.

## Is Everybody Happy?

I see people laughing and happy in Christian recreation. A piano in the corner maybe, and noisy sing-songs. There are games, and there is steaming hot cocoa.

I see so many other things. And this is only the beginning. What a hopeful beginning!

I guess a little of that profound faith is rubbing off on me. For I know, as I sit here that all these things WILL come to pass in God's good time.

The foundation has been laid. It is firm and hard now and it has the stability of Our Lady and the Saints poured into it. While the cement was still wet, we of Madonna House Staff planted many medals in it and prayed over it. How can we fail now?

Soon the building will be completed. God is good.

### And Now The Jubilee

JUBILEE, the first national picture magazine meant for a Catholic audience, and the first magazine to be owned by its subscribers, will be published this fall, according to its managing editor, Edward Rice. Temporary offices are at 150 Waverly Place, New York.

JUBILEE is planned, says Rice, to help Catholics and non-Catholics alike to a better understanding of the Church and her people through modern pictorial journalism. Rice points out that Pope Pius, in his Easter address, urged Catholics, especially lay people, to bring the word of Christ "into factories, offices and fields" in a modern crusade. This will be one of JUBILEE's aims.

Current events, history, the liturgy, the arts and sciences, the family and the religious life, theology, the ordinary people of the Church themselves, will be among the many subjects of JUBILEE's text and picture coverage.

JUBILEE will be published monthly. It will average about 64 large pages per issue. Color will be used where feasible.

JUBILEE will be edited by Catholic laymen, who will have the assistance of an advisory board of men and women, both lay and religious, thoroughly experienced in Catholic and secular publishing. Rice, Peter J. McDonnell, and Bob Lax will head the editorial staff.

Rice reports that in the two years of preparatory work on JUBILEE, the conviction developed that the magazine's financial as well as editorial policies must reflect the teachings of the Church. Therefore JUBILEE will be owned largely by a basic group of 50,000 charter subscribers, who will receive one share of "Class A" common stock with each one-year subscription. A limited number of preferred shares is also being issued.



### FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

And then Violet Hadeed, a visitor from Rochester, began the last decade in Arabic.

"Abana ellazi fee alsamawat. Liatkadas esmac leeati malacutac. Letacon mashatic cama fee alsama. Kazalec ala illard."

"Give us this day," I responded, thinking not at all of Jesus hanging on the cross, but of white-robed warriors mounted on fleet horses, great armies of them invading Christian countries, burning churches, slaughtering men and taking women captives.

## Hail Mary In Arabic

"Al salaam alaik ya Mariam. Ya mumtaleat nimat al rab maaki. Mubaracat anti bain alnisa. Wa mubaracut thumrat butnek Yasou."

"Al salam Alaike ya Mariam!"

The muezzin calling to the faithful from the minaret of a mosque; calling "Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee!"

Somehow the impression came that the Arabs, and the Turks, and all the Arabic speaking peoples, and the Russians, and all the Slavs, and all the other people on the earth would, someday, be saying the Rosary in little groups, such as ours on the verandah, and would be as Catholic in heart and thought and action as the Irish or the French or the Romans.

Christ was hanging on the cross; but I was paying Him no attention. Yet I was hoping that someday, God willing, even the Russians and the Chinese who now pretend to hate Him as bitterly as some people in the United States and Canada hate Him, might fall on their knees and pray to Him.

I know that nobody is particularly interested in what I may or may not think, saying my prayers; but I hoped some would like to see the "foreigners," Our Father and the Hail Mary printed in our phonetic English symbols — so that they might, in spirit, join in these prayers with fellow Catholics in far off lands.

### BLESSED EVENT OCCURS

(Continued from Page One)

this cold gray May day, Pope Pius XII, speaking to 300,000 people in Rome, had said:

"We would like great phalanxes of apostles to arise, such as those which the early days of the Church knew. Let the priests preach from the pulpits, in the streets, in the squares . . . wherever there is a soul to be saved. And side by side with the priests, let the lay people, who know how to appeal to minds and hearts with words and with love, also speak."

"You who carry life within you, enter into every place; into factories, into offices, into fields . . . wherever

Christ Himself has the right to enter. Offer yourselves. Make yourselves known to one another in your many centers of work, in your homes, all closely united in a single thought and a single desire."

Seven young men and women have given themselves. How many more will follow?

### THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

contest was for Seminarians only.

Unfortunately it closed officially May 10th. So we are too late to ask our Canadian Seminarians to participate in it. But why not write your ideas on the subject just the same . . . for your own clarification and that of others . . . and send them to Mrs. Froelicher? She will be glad to hear from you, and you will receive a batch of most interesting literature on the subject. Why not try?

Yes . . . the lay apostolate is growing in all directions . . . watered by the blessings of the Holy Father who in season and out calls everyone to its participation.

## In All Humility

Thinking about this call, these blessings, it occurred to me that perhaps I should state, in all humility and simplicity, that in Canada our little lay apostolate, Friendship House style, trained for 22 years to work on any part of the great social apostolate of the Church, stands ready to consider the invitation of any Ordinary of any diocese, to come; and, under his direction, help to restore at least a wee portion of his vineyard to Christ.

Rural areas . . . city slums . . . Indian reservations. It does not matter to us. We gladly will come, without salary, without any demands on the diocese, financially speaking, and work for Christ's sake anywhere the Ordinary wants us to work.

Perhaps this may sound strange. Yet it is not that we want to blow our own horn. It is simply that the harvest is so ripe . . . the harvesters so few . . . the lay apostolate so needed. It seems sad that trained personnel must stand idle and wait.

Anyhow, the matter of our expansion is in Our Lady's hands. So it is to her we turn with a prayer to interest Bishops in our work in this vast land.



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